Qu. Vp to some scaffold, there to looſe their heads.
King. No to the dignitie and height of honor,
The height imperiall tipe of this earths glory,
Qu. Flatter my ſorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what ſtate, what dignitie, what honor,
Canſt thou demiſe to any child of mine?
King. Euen all *I* haue, yea and my ſelfe and all,
Will I withall endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angry ſoule,
Thou drowne the ſad remembrance of thoſe wrongs
Which thou ſuppoſeſt I haue done to thee.
Qu. Be briefe, leſt that the proceſſe of thy kindneſſe
Laſt longer telling then thy kindneſſe doo.
K. Then know that from my ſoule *I* loue thy daughter.
Qu. My daughters mother thinkes it with her ſoule.
King. What do you thinke?
Qu. That thou doeſt loue my daughter from thy ſoule,
So from thy ſoules loue didſt thou her brothers,
And from my hearts loue *I* do thanke thee for it.
King. Be not ſo haſtie to confound my meaning,
I meane that with my ſoule *I* loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of England.
Qu. Say then, who doeſt thou meane ſhall be her king?
King. Euen he that makes her Queene, who ſhould'elſe?
Qu. What thou?
King. I, euen *I*, what thinke you of it madame?
Qu. How canſt thou wooe her?
King. That *I* would learne of you,
As one that were beſt acquainted with her humor,
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
King. Madam with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that ſlew her brothers
A paire of bleeeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and Yorke, then happily ſhe will weepe,
Therefore preſent to her, as ſometime Margaret
Did to thy father, a handkercheffe ſteept in Rutlans blood,
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a ſtory of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'ſt away her vncle Clarence, Her

Her vncle Riuers, yea and for her ſake
Madeſt quicke conueiance with her good Aunt Anne.
King. Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way
To winne your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vnleſſe thou couldſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
Kin. Inferre faire Englands peace by tuis alliance.
Qu. Which ſhe ſhall purchaſe with ſtill laſting warre.
Kin. Say that the king which may command intreats.
Qu. That at her hands which the kings king forbid.
Kin. Say ſhe ſhall be a high and mightie Queene.
Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.
Kin. Say *I* will loue her euerlaſtingly.
Qu. But how long ſhall that title euer laſt?
Kin. Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end.
Qu. But how long fairely ſhall that title laſt?
Kin. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
Qu. So long as Hell and Richard likes of it.
Kin. Say *I* her ſoueraigne, am her ſubiect loue.
Qu. But ſhe your ſubiect loaths ſuch ſoueraigntie.
Kin. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
Qu. An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt being plainely told.
Kin. Then in plaine tearmes tell her my louing tale.
Qu Plaine and not honeſt is too harſh a ſtile.
Kin. Madam, your reaſons are too ſhallow & too quick.
Qu. O no, my reaſons are too deepe and dead.
Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue.
Harpe on it ſtill ſhall *I*, till heart-ſtrings breake.
Kin. Now by my George, my Garter and my Crowne.
Qu. Prophand, diſhonord, and the third vſurped.
Kin. *I* ſweare by nothing.
Qu. By nothing, for this is no oath.
The George prophand, hath loſt his holy honour:
The Garter blemiſht, pawnd his knightly vertue:
The Crowne vſurpt, diſgrac't his kingly dignitie.
If ſomething thou wilt ſweare to be beleeude,
Sweare then by ſomething that thou haſt not wrongd.
Kin. Now, by the world.